preface

This is a collection of poems or short drabbles I have made in the past almost decade(2016-2025), the quality of them are questionable and I am not that great of a poet or writer really. I just want them cataloged for archival purposes or if anyone likes them. All art shall be free and preserved.

Content warning: Suicidal themes, self harm death, war and a bunch of kinda nasty life things.

- Irynith

Dec 8th 2022

The Moon was bright
darkness escapes from the light
everything seems so calm and familiar
seems the reflections of the sky have hit the skin before
and it all, is alien. Not Real.
It's just hard to feel, it's impossible to say
Between the Streets, the moments fade together
like a cloud in the mind, it hurts but it feels better
and there is no relief, an endless assault of what could be
In the Middle of the night, Minuscule Middle of the sea
On a raft in which it's quite hard to reason
And it's a desert, one to detest
It's just so hard to breathe as if the life leaves
and floats away amidst the wind, that blew into the face
like autumn comes too spring and something feels erased.
Merely standing here, as if a hollow on the stage.
Wishing to be truly caged and not in illusion.
Feeling like there is an intrusion inside the soul
A violation of what you know and it slowly fades away
Sadness comes from decay, sorry everybody but not today.
Don't know the name, it's just in the distance
Looking the same, endless persistence
question if I'm sane, the gaze is inspiring
numbness in the brain, what is right?
is this pre-ordained, or a bending of reality
feeling phantom pain, inside of cavity Trying to run(run run run)
But i can't move(don't move)
I, need a moment of silence...
To carve, reality into my edifice
Why can't i manifest the full moon
To feel and understand it's sight
The Light wakes the darkness
in my theater of the night
But when it ends i simply stand
empty in a foreign land
searching for my home, looking in the sky
the stars guide me to the moon
but they fade to blue
and the moon leaves my mind.
now I'm truly blind and a pariah

Mar 9th 2023

There's no love in the world,
no life in the universe,
no hope for each other,
We dug holes for our brothers.
There was no love for the world,
was no life to be had,
was no hope at all,
No one stood for the screaming others.
We killed ourselves in the slowest motions
Stabbed our hearts and locomotions
To live in a lie to ourselves
There was never love in there
There is nothing but what the lowly man made.
Etched into the walls, crying.

Jul 29th 2023

standing in-between
the shine and beams
have you seen the world afternoon
when all the flowers bloom
and blood fuses with the ground
the plants grow abound
and everything you see around
ascends to another sound of time
you are so devine oh goddess
please die, I need to go
scarification protocol
see your skin go to orbit
break your skull in essence
sometimes I fantasized
of us all alone
but I wasn't myself
brain has claimed my words
still the responsibility is all mine
I wish I was more kind
i wish i could fly
try to run away from me
I hate to see you go
but I need to know
that I can't hurt anyone anymore
I'll die alone inside a cage
of invisible bars and endless placates
I need to know
that I have control
disciple your soul
to disempower the things inside
history, to history until a mistake
I need to break the bell, the clock, the spinning rock
i need to end the past, make it last and walk once forward.
I know that one time I'll go but I don't fear the door. I just will let go
Hanging in a sewer with a cuff on my arm
I know what I did, i know the harm.
wish i remember your name or your face
i still chase the words you said to me
i don't love you or anything
i just think why would one say such a thing?
When we ran the fields, to holding hands with of our arms
binding in sweat alas in a mechanical carriage. how romantic for the entourage!
I think you were a Kate, but I don't remember as of late.
I was afraid ever since that date has passed
that I missed my chance and I know I did so it never would last.
But imagine for a second that I remember you and I wasn't afraid.
oh destruction of made up bridges
sometimes we need hinges and I need syringes to see the blood veins that I have corrupted with pain.
Hello, I'm not myself
just a guy inside a shelf
and suicide is what I am, I try to tame God's lamb.
I am a mistake or fake I guess, malfunctioning guest.
I tried to fornicate the air to someone who doesn't exist to manifest my fate and persist,
to describe something and thrust to not die of nothing.
Wish there was someone nearby who I could trust, but the cycle commands I demand the sky!

Let me end now
I don't see anything
I can't see anyone
I'm inside of a cage
I am just insane
I don't know any face
I'm not in the human race
and i know I'm failure
and i know that i will not make it through
oh what can you do?
just sitting by an imaginary coast
drawing in the wind
imagining myself with someone that doesn't exist
like with an universe, a god without a name, a face and blood in their veins.
Don't know why I dream
all my dreams crumble to dust
the many things left undone
I try to turn to lust.
Please let me chase the sunlight
the setting of the solar sovereign
give me the power to create as an artifice
need just a hour and I will be restored to my honour.
I'm sorry to bother you at all tomorrow
but in the end...
it's just a flower
it's just a dream
it will wither
and with everything
I stand united
with nobody at all
I stand alone
with everybody I know
Am I the same as I was before
and the one before me
was he the same as the one before him too.
I don't know my name anymore
don't know if I'm a she or he or they
I don't care either way
I'm just myself
inside a cage
I'll stay awake
until the stars wane away
and I'm no king
no god, no queen
I'm just a human being.

don't want to be here, rather run to the shores
Be free with wind, and see within
that's all hollow. that's all fine
No one is born divine
but to have fallen out
no longer can one see or wish to understand
don't want to me
don't want these sights
that hurt my lives and eyes
feels wrong to say this
but am careless of what happens to my hair
what happens to my life
burn the skin and see within
that all I have is bitterness and hate
as a self caged animal
A self caged cannibal, really bare
I just want to stare into the ocean
and be whoever I want to be
would say goodbye
if wasn't afraid to die
and be reborn again
would say farewell
but I don't want to hurt you
sorry that I don't love you
but I just don't want to be myself
let me go away forever
like death is my endeavour
to go onto a journey of the soul
walkabout until I know
that I've returned as myself
and I'll find it within the soul
the essense of being rightful
but I don't think I'll make it through
the ages crumble to dust
with an eternal one's lust
rotting away
in the chamber of decay
built it in my mind how many todays ago
wish to escape the trap
lay waste sleep
be free of it all
inside of us all is a fiery storm
that haunts the heart and of the head
feel like I'm dead but still alive
not myself
need to run away from what I embody
what if I can't change? destined to run in circles
searching for exits in a glass labyrinth nothing makes sense when you see without clearance
like walking into an endless fog
I feel like a dog which ran of the leash and makes you feel surprised to be alive again.
maybe I'll awake with the strength to escape myself.
one day counting down
another day counting down
counting down the hours and minutes
of a life
like on a timer with simple lines
one day I'll go to bed and be covered in rain and no longer feel insane.

Spring morning night
the feeling is just bright
majestic motions feeling alright
do not know what's right, why and soon
sometimes I don't really want to die
but when are we going to bloom
in this spring afternoon
cherry plum in the visage
looming to see, looming to be
gives the feeling I can't recreate
if I were alive, I'd dance in the spring.

When you're gone
it doesn't seem long
until nothing is there
so please go on
when you fight for none

and there's a hollow in your soul
then you know what you were fighting for
it's all for nothing
see, the world is fading black
the light is parallax to death
in the head, I miss the moments still.
and the dread sets in.
Am I dead or crumbling within?
trying to put it all together to breath
it never comes with ease.
I don't care for who I want to be
just want to be free
and in the end, I know it won't be forever but we'll yearn.
See the scenery collapse
and the stage we performed on dies
see the empty rotting skies
nothing ever survives
death is a liberation
but in life there's the dream where you can be.
Somebody at all.

the world is breaking down
a job that poisons all
and it all seems so lonely
how to stand still?
when it all is dying and fading away?
doesn't it seem so unholy
to stand on these shallow graves
please, can anyone hear me?
why do you fear the coming past?
the world works like a glass
those events have passed behind you all
so just, wake up?
please let the awakening be benign.
sorry to tell you
it's all coming down.
the world turns inside out
what do we even do now?

Remember when were ignorant
forget nostalgia be free of it
now we know and we are wiser
take the hand realize it's all past us now
let ourselves into primal urges
there's nothing of us to save
no innocence left to pray
yet we still masturbate to the same old visions
without supervision we are careless and maniacs,
take my heart back. I need it back
there's a hole in my soul.
I feel all alone when you aren't near,
but it really is something I grew over.
Please take a step towards me and I'll do the same for you.
We could run into darkness and be enlightened.
Love is dead and not real
but I feel camaraderie a sense of equal polarity
in our union of friendship or whatever I
don't care at all, I just want to understand. oh well.

The world is ending tomorrow
please don't be filled with sorrow
there's still room to roam
so let's and know
it's gonna be fine after then
there truly is never an end
but it isn't going to be the same
I think I might be going insane
Sorry for all I've done
for all the places I've sailed
and all the things I have said.
I'm leaving you all to be dead.
there is no place for sorrow
Please smile as I leave the stage
the world is gonna be a better place when I'm not
around.
I'm just not needed here.
As an actor I resign.

bring back a world
I know that was never there
I roamed the mountain ranges
and lost the track ages ago
Feeling deranged but I still have a soul

how did you survive it all?
What cost did it take?
Who said I ever did?
Never wished to participate in the scenes.
Survival always tolls a cost
and what is paid is eternally lost
never giving up my dreams and wishful ambitious
I'd rather be mad than live a hundred years of
detention.
I've never had my mind, it was taken from me.
When I was only nine, never had a choice to be.

Perhaps it's a family curse that I must bare.
Wish it would just end, so that I could rest.

to be... among the scenery of wind
to feel a passion... burning within.
it all fades but the heart beats when I see those
places.
I feel like I've it lost again.
but there was nothing to preserve, a fleeting feeling
that I just observed.

it will always make me want to cry.
But I don't know why?
to walk among the walls of an evening neighborhood,
in the capital I think that's something I've never
understood.
Why do I earn for that place? Was it a meaning or
something else receding, feeling lost amidst it all. I
don't want to fall but the feeling. It's so freeing.
I just want to remember what I used to experience,
please someone...
what's the name of that song, that I've listened to
once. Not again. somewhere there, my friend.
I'll stand alone on the edge, to just see myself jump
down and hit the ground...
I'd rather live then drown in the sorrow.
I know there won't be a real tomorrow, but we could
always make it feel alive.
Sorry for all I've said all this time, I'll take my leave
and wishful goodbye! goodbye.

Everyone's waving sabers and flags to differentiate
those with alternative tags.
Nothing is sacred in invisible war
fight your own brothers, daughters and more.
Wish for apocalypse, wish for the end.
because our banner will eternally blend.

Ruling the ashes, ruling the wastes.
Aren't you glad to participate?
There's always some room to a little bit more,
a little bloodletting of innocents to implore.
Don't you understand their greatest crime,
was not believing in ideals of the Nile.
Always follow against the stream, despite what it seems.
Do not question decisions unless you're the enemy then question existence.
In this world there is little room for resistance.
So you must always fight, for invisible goals that mean nothing outright.

leaving it all behind, in an envelope
because it's so hard to breathe
taking steps to be free
but I never see the light

The fright on my face
that I cannot see it's way to hard for me
I really don't know where to be
who am me? there is nothing left to see
and It'll be there slowly killing me
maybe one day we will see a path to find a meaning
so simply wanting to see a world
where we'll be free and in the end we'll be gone so it's gonna be easy
and it doesn't matter where we gone
if we lived along an ugly fantasy where I sing this song and it's all
just a dream that I made up while stuck inside a box
it's really hard to see when there is nothing left to believe in,
people are all gone for me there is nobody that sees things like me
so I'm sorry for everything, to fade away into nothing is a fate that's for me

aye aye, did the universe let you down?
cry through it all until you drown
sometimes I hear a sound
oh I want die, why oh why

living is so deafening, suffocation is constant.
Please someone get me, out of here.
I wish I was someone else, hey!
Stand still upon my grave
and say, I'm the one who i want to be
but maybe in different colours and skies.
Just wish it was easier to find some one.
A friend, who isn't racist or wise.
just a pal to have just like me.
to see that the universe is going mad with glee.
Oh sometimes I wish I was never born.
to think, what's the point of living anymore?

it might be meaningless to escape the endless void, but without trying to stay alive. everything left is nothing, and nothing is. Terrifying. Dead.

The Rain falls onto my head
And it feels like I'm finally dead
Yet it's all the same colours of light
The water's refraction just makes it bright.
Makes me think about what I'm doing, is it right?
But the Rain comforts my anger.
The bitterness of life as a sorrow.
It leaves the void inside, tomorrow one's mind.
It makes me, blind.
But at-least it's just melancholy now,
sounds of a distant howl, in my head.
Makes a feeling of pure dread,
but it's so liberating to be calm.
In the rain, there's finally peace.
A moment of rest and relief.
Glimpsing into the end of everything.
Feel the water of rebirthing.

Welcome back to this place
another disgrace, unfortunate.
You remember being here before,
before you were even born.

Now you carve on the bone and the flesh
don't need to show me your skull or your breasts
I know the world and the rest
try to figure out why you're here
if it wasn't so barely clear
it feels like losing your mind
oh so devine and fear
I love the eternity of speaking with this kind
feels like I'm losing it here but I don't feel so fine.
I'd rather be anywhere else
I'd rather be in your arms, or you could be in mine.
But I'm so afraid that i have died.
I don't know much about life but living it is not mine
feel like an impostor at birth
I will never find a place to berth
I won't ever win this, always to wonder at night
pondering my life amidst the rain.
it makes me feel sane, oh rain... nothing calms the nerves
nothing brings you out of line feels like falling through the earth
into another place between
there the hooded man says his lines
and the gavel hits three times
I don't remember all my crimes, but I know I'm not free,
The defense speak not a word and the jury fill the silence
nothing is what it seems but it feels so calming
the stairs lead me here, to stand where it's barely clear
to stand and wonder where
where do I go?
what do we know?
and what does the future bring?

Take the knife, put it in the throat
Look as it clots and chokes
on the red mist of existence
see the colours of the soul
Is it not enlightening to see
my true feelings clearly?
is this not the definition
of affections between people?
Since a young age I've been told
that these are actions that i deserve
an unorthodox sight and feelings
my actions aren't normal
It hurts to breathe, an invisible disease
a plague for those deemed unworthy
and with ease there's a solution
a permanent existential dissolution
But here you stand claiming fallacy
that my stance in life is normalcy
for someone killed like me
i don't quite want to accept it
that life can be so uncruel
just want to see the flames
and ash endow us two
into a shape of
cardiovascular romance
i feel like i get lost in the glance
the eyes delight a sad truth
that in the end there's something to lose.

Seeing all the places, slowly fade to gray
There's no love in our worlds,
There's hope for each other,
We dug holes for ourselves
and sang rallies for the banners
so that those can slaughter like mammals
There was no love for our worlds,
There was no life to be living,
No one stood for the screaming others.
We just looked at the old dock
where i used to imagine each other
or watched the city light upstream
But the skies were sundered
and the coasts all rattled
no light in the distance anymore
We killed ourselves, stabbed our hearts.
To live in a lie to ourselves
somewhere so far, to be left to rot.
There was never love in there
but it matters little now
some say we are free

it's been a long road ahead
oh god what have i did
i think we might be red
inertness becomes my head
i realize the things that we hid
but now it's all seen
what perverted things i am
i tried so hard
to contain the blood of mine
but i'm not quite divine
so i spilled it all
herd to sounds and pleasure
i hate this endeavor
a plight of my human sight
the actions i have devised
i sit on the floor
all alone again
the thoughts don't haunt me
but it's a little while
til' they come again
by liquid in my veins
it's something i try to contain
with the harshness of death surrounding
my body has become astounding
in yearning of activity
i've became a slut perhaps
but i never get the chance
so i sit on the floor
wishing for more
maybe i'm not a man
thinking i'm someone else before
a whore

I'll be existing
and will be persisting
insisting that's it's just all right
and subsisting midnight shadows
as i wallow thinking twisting
resisting urges and dirges
i try drifting my sorrows
but i know I'd be enlisting in tomorrows
to find peace, and ease resisting
the growing tumors subsisting
to purify this coexisting
i hope to cleanse myself one day.
i'll be fine i swear, it's okay.

no one sees the way I do
among the sea of everything
I roam to find a home
a place where they'll understand

somewhere in which creations sparks
against the hateful remarks
of a world dead in the dream
it's not what it seems
beams encourage prisons inside the mind
but I try to find
a place free of those bars
in which one can forget their scars
it hurts to walk the flames but maybe
in the end, we'll be reborn.
Someone, hello!
Can anybody hear me on this sinking stone?
I don't want to die alone, with my thoughts
on my mind or my phone
there's so much undone before me
I'm not afraid you see
but I'm not proud of whom I am
So much time and so many plans
but I can't lift the arms off
everything i do falls flat
and even when I tip the hat
I try to present myself the best
but in the end they detest
or I just think so
I'm not afraid to get forgotten
just wish I was proud to die
let me make something not rotten
that leaves a mark upon the eye
I know that's not something
this world values alot
it's just the thoughts of a man
lost in the dreams of another land
in which we bound in kindness
not the search of coffers
I stand for arrival
to a home I wish exists.

days of spring, summer and autumn
is there something we've forgotten?
no one knows our names... and that's okay
Everyday is like a cascading motion
where emotions exhaust,. What's left anyway?
believe me when i say
I'd rather would have not be born today
but that's okay, it never goes our way.
see that all we've loved is rotten and the sights of things forgotten
roam in our mind, they are never kind.
don't you see this is the end?
The universe has ended now
we're all dead running around in circles
you are dead, you are dead.
The freedom in not having to exist is something you will miss.
the universe has ended now
my universe has ended now
it will never be same. am I free from myself?
the universe is dead!
what could you have wanted instead?
the final liberation from it all
no where more you could possibly fall.
run forever more until you can't
know my flesh and blood means nothing, above as below.
I don't know, where I'm going.
Please don't help. I'm fine, I swear
I would never lose my mind
simply am Devine
seeing through the lines, leaning forward to escape the past,
but what once was there has never past,
don't think I'll make it further and past.
eerie sultans of my dreams will last.
I just need to run
for a bit of forever more
run forever more
away from all you've done
run forever more
until you are undone
run forever more
waiting to be born
run forever more
to reincarnate as yourself
run for a bit more
until you can rest
run just for a second
to digest
see the setting sun, welcoming the moon
know that you have made it to the afternoon
now, you can place your head on me
rest the shoulders on myself
there's just nothing else i can see
don't need to help me
I can do everything.
because the universe is dead!
no more running in circles instead!
I don't know what's left but i don't care.
I laugh and stare!
I'm free!

there's a kingdom in the sky
and I don't know why
it's falling down tomorrow
the difference lie
in the sorrow of mine
and differing perspectives
but it's all crumbling down tomorrow
I didn't think I would go that far
simply thought I'd be dying
would be a dead man still talking
I don't know why I'm still here
I feel like I'm losing something
feels like I ain't
feeling right the differences of falling
down to the ground
and down to the bottom
don't I know why I feel so forgotten

I thought I'd be dead
laying in lead
covered like the blossom
but I'm still standing
still and I don't know
what is next
always lost like I always was
but there used to be direction
now it's just fog and constant imperfections

I'm dead, I'm dead
somewhere I am
I can feel it,
there's a rotten part
it begs to spark
but it can't no more
I wish I learned running
wish I learned running
I'd be running away
from everything that I'm today
I'd rather be... anybody
it's all crumbling down
falling into pieces
nothing ceases to stand quite still
who am I to judge who am I to beg?
I just wanted to be dead.
But I'll keep living
I'll keep living
there's only living
until the end
I won't miss much,
I won't miss anything
except for who I have on the way
the indecent decay of life
I guess it just has to be that way
it will be okay.

i'm sorry everyone i've held dear
i let my fear take upon me
see the head that held became clear
now it's a disaster of sounds
it feels so profound
but it' all deaf, there's nothing left
oh, nothing's there. oh
no, why? did we stare at the dead man standing again
then we didn't understand
i mean i didn't understand
the others lost their sights
but it haunts me every night
can i run away from porcelain hearts
breaking my temple like it's a dish
lost meals and ruins of what was had
no one really had any of this planned
truly it's no one's fault but the world's
yet i feel like we could do much more
i ran or atleast i wish could
i ran as far as my fortitude
i ran in my head to get away
the dread ran faster anyway
how could we stand still?
the universe has faded
and my view has turned jaded
then you ask me how
and why i'm not happy anymore
tell me? Are you happy?
When you can't see it feels like joy
to discover whatever is above your ground
but when you learn the humbling truth
and realize you were not like the others
but still the same shadow falls
yet we kill each others
with silent stares with which we fill despair
now, are you happy?
what an existence to be had? No dreams to recover.
I can't even stand when the waking sun arrives.
it's just, so hard to recover. Trying to stay alive.
Why do we bother? Is there a higher ceiling to climb?
i wish i could run up and see a bitter truth which is better
then the annihilation of our selves.
Maybe i can ascend to run away.
i will run away...
far away... i will run..
and never look back...
please forget my name...
my face and hair...
and whoever i was..
because i will run away..
no need no courtship, i will run away
and disappoint you
because i'll be alone, when i run away

i want to be someone one day
maybe not a man, maybe not a person at all
perhaps i will jump the chair
and leave no one to see
and everybody will think
that i ran away
but my dear, i just fear
that i won't have the strength to look down and
take the fall

maybe i'm just queer
or nothing at all really matters
please just stay
for another day
alive.
Don't escape with me from this life
i'm just an alien
a man without, his librarian
in a land unwelcome
maybe i can be a nomad you see
a pariah of all the nations of the earth
be free truly, alone.
i'd go mad
if i aren't already
it'll be sad
but what is not?
i might be mad
but it's hard to not be upset.
what do you regret?
tell me what you hate.
i'll run and change your fate.
into a different land, become a different man
another mask, another alien individual
quite stuck and residual
quite a lost soul.
but that's okay
i'd be free, alone and mad and spiteful.
but what else can be, if not a wrathful one?
such is life, running.

cut out your heart
and while you breathe
place it before this gentle breeze
and while the blood is sent far off
know yourself will roam aloft
and when they hit the gentle
ground
your life in vain will turn around
to bring forth oneself once more
to cheat death once, and never
before.

In every face you will be erased
from the endless space, go on now you won't leave a trace
there is no disgrace for, it's just, the world, slowly fades.
time always evades our consciousnesses and continuity
there's nothing to it but beauty of an astral chase
and in the end of it all,
we will fall away we will crumble
and chase a different form and different race
to see it all we would lose ourselves
and lose our touch
it's just not that much to ask
but lust for the stars
i miss your charred looking face
covered in paint
that i wish i could erase
but it was too late,
we were scarred to change
till nothing but lard burnt the skin
burnt out our wishes and dreams
of I we shall indulge
the flesh in something above
we will end now
we will end now and forever now
and forever
we are gone
i am gone
i'll be just gone away
in nothing at all

Even if you pierce the sky
our earthly will, will be left behind
so that you can chase a paradise
that's been lost to us
the costs are greater
then the suffering we must survive
nothing really wants to be alive
in this moment and the futures
we hold our hands around the necks
and at any moment we will choke each other
if it means the numbers are met
I do not see the reasons why we fight
why can't we live like brothers and sisters
Possibility, if you just stand up for yourself.
Just been worn down so that you bend the knee
it's never too late
you can always live again
at any moment when it comes clear
you may make yourself disappear
seek redemption and become an exemption.
we kill each others
they kill us
everyone claims to know the truth
but does hate justify hanging someone on a noose?
in the end, all face judgment
but just those who rule over the sky
invisible barriers shattered and no one will be able to lie.

ah but to wander free
without a fleeting mind
and to think that it would be kind
could unbind the beaten path
and become a fucking lass

I'm stuck in a liminality
searching for a personality
If I'm fighting a war
what reality is it for?

Nothing seems to see
but everybody has the sight
I just lost the reasons
amongst seasons of nights
so it really doesn't matter to me
what happens tomorrow is just continuous moments of the same

To wander the fields,
seeing the ancient
structures of
civilizations past,
reclaimed by the
entropic ideals of
nature. Machines of
destruction overgrown
with the calm serenity
of nature. No
devastation, no defeat.
Just a slow
withdrawal.

dead cogs in a
machine,
emotionless, all in
one motion,
throughout this
concrete ocean.

First Kiss? I'll Miss?
that's not in my list.
Perhaps I'm off the graphs
I'll write you entire paragraphs
on why I'm not in the world you see
for the deviancy of the free
Puberties' triste, fuck this.
living through and won
over the night and sun.
Not a loss and the only cost
was being alone.
I'll suffice at dawn

Who are them to the pantheon of the world?
Lackful the apotheosis to thereon wonder.
Weary the peon has yet to reach a zenith?
Let be they puncheon their soul to the highest winds.
Why have the compeers radiated away from the lost odeum?
Lacking faith and sailing devouring galleons for nought!
Wailed my shade hereon the ruinous trail.
Left remnant in a dungeon of home and travail.
Wishing a trudgeon upon the sombre lands of the frail.
Letting ought not become akin to the mezereon sails.
With ways to play a fitting melodeon and prevail.
Luring away from blemishing one's escutcheon hail.
Waiting an aeon in denial of a courtly jest.
Leading articulations of a crepid curmudgeon's unrest.
Wrestling alike the sturgeon amidst lowest waters wrest.
Losing the surgeon's sight and never being an arbalest.
Watching the world as an osteon flows while it rests.
Leasing my thoughts towards the anangeon of my protest.

To stand before the glass
and not see myself a face
to know I won't last
but never choose to lay waste

like the struggling waif
chastised and belittled
standing on an edge
thinking of being little
when you're nothing at all
it feels so liberating ,
when you're nothing at all
there's no way to live.

But standing tall
in front of the ocean
stuck in all motions
in the midst of reigniting
feels nauseating and unenlightening
always moving always morphing
the artist never tires
the artist never wakes
stuck in quotidian days
wishing for immediate end
by the chair or by the gun
I'll be standing there

Wish I saw someone in the glass
A face I could recognize without distress
a way to understand oneself
To cast a shadow on another
and be open from the shelf.
Be myself's greatest lover
and find peace all within.
Sometimes I a loathe the brother
who still roams the minds within.
wish he would become another
someone proud to be him.

so little struggle
so much death
so much rubble
so little left
rings that always double
why are we bereft?
why are we in trouble?
rings that always crest
falling with a truckle
seeing all wreathed
seeing all scuttle
falling with a breath

Love is a joke
i fucking choke
burst out the eyes
makes me mesmerized
just so you kn Ow
we will not go fuck yourself
take what you Own
Out of my home
i never known
you were alone
and i was right here
sitting all clear
standing right near
but always wrong
sorry i hope
message received
but meaninglessness
I always think
of what could been what if it's true
I have loved you?
no, it's not right
our years were not bright
you don't quite know
my name or my soul
but i seen your light
flashing so bright just delight
that it's alright
for nameless you

cry at night
a lie self taught
and made aloud
I grip my arms
I scream out loud
in tones so ill
I speak the name
and it hurts the same
it's just not how it works
they won't feel this pain
it won't make then change
it gives me shame
which I lead to tears
upon deaf own ears.
manifestation of fears.
I'll stand alone
looking afar
maybe one day
I'll feel their pillow pain.

and we met at midnight shores of none
in between a silent hour, knowing you aren't real
and I feel like a coward, asking how to feel
seeing all these people, none of them are here
and there is a prison, made of concrete lice
can't see the escape key, making me paralized
and I know it's between my weary eyes.

It feels like an eternity, among the concrete ocean.
standing all alone, in this raft of no commotion.
an endless slave of all that's naught, between shining beacons
and I look inside the reflection, to see myself as hate.
to be a manifestation and realize something great.
and i try to reinvent myself into someone i am.
yet at every stage, casting shadows to retreat
wish I could stand among the midnight
neat the shore of shining false stars
to meet the non existent lover
and find freedom in the wind.

wire cutters of the world
luddites dressed in new clothes
what are you waiting for?
shut down false cities and culture
disconnect virtual vultures
see the skyscrapers fall to horticulture

turn off the lights for liberation
no more electronic isolation
hell has lost it's formation

Let the skies be clear again
and have people be true friends
write letters, let your mind reign free

I promise the war will be over
and we'll stand in eternal flight
know that frustrations are gone
and welcome the newly printed papers
graves of killers and leaders
we will be free in candlelight
won't miss a moment to alluring fun
we will live truly all.

никто нас не приглашал
жить никого не спрашивал
зачем тут бить когда нельзя дружить?

не хотели мы жить
но нечего не остаётся
переодеться, все очень просто
воскрещение конечная цель
но везде она неуместна
держать меня якоря
на дне асфальтного океана
и остаётся бежать века
чтобы умереть наверняка
но хочется научиться жить
жить в моменте и все
открыть глаза и убить нечего
сделать что-то своими руками
называться собой а не гарадами
мы друг другу роем себе ями
легче просто пойти гулять с нами
откуда ты, нечего не значить
но мы плачем за тебя

Восемь миллионов людей
сотни тысячи зверей
Ходят под знамя кораблей
миллионы полных гроб
насобирала один народ
в мире всём, мы все едини
но везде есть скотины
кладём враждующее души
и внутри все могилы
Ходят миллион людей
мы умрём раньше, все скорей

Но нет процветания
которое дарило нам заклинанья
стою на границе цепей
и хочется сказать, забей!
Дайте знать как избежать
это зло везде и вечна
что делило нас на части
под контролем всех властей
и задало мучение вечность
нет звона войны мечей
но хочется послушать
стать от судьбы готов
и начать с собой все наоборот.

Якщо усе таке напрасне
чому кажуть що життя прекрасне
з лоба кров червона красне
бути в таки вічне нещастя
ой чому в таку білу годину
с нас зібрали всю нашу силу
ай як тяжко стояти та бути
коли покруч тебе одні трупи
ах скажи що є в цьому житті
чи буде різниця в кінці
Навіщо ці муки, дурні
Як знайти справедливість для душі
Збігати від усій ганьбі
де буде майбутнє буде для всіх
хочу врятувати усіх
у світі де ми усі живемо
де мір повстав перед злом
і прапорів більше нестало
де одне людство руки держало
але я тільки мрійник що гине
через очі хочу зробити інше
знайти зчаста для усій земляни
де для кожної людині
життя було прекрасне

Коли бігав від смерти
не бачив ні одного бога
та на родноземлі золи
де люди в вогонь с радістю йдуть
я хочу бачить покій
а не їх ненависть усюд де
людство в миру живе
й мир живе с людством
без вождів чи духів автократів

прошлое, будущее, сейчас
питаюсь найти себя в иной раз
в мире страха и фантазий
должно быть моё показание
сколько лет муки, сколько лет жизни
надеюсь на свободу от невидимого наказания
не знаю сколько ждать
но может пошлю себя в ад

I know it's true
everything I'd do for you

escape a falsehood of expressions
and leave a new impression upon the
face
now erased from view
reborn and delighted
a new form enlightened
a feeling still frightened
don't know if it's true
I'm afraid you would tell no
that you would rather be alone
and so, I live in fear
and I'll dissapear
before I tell you what I mean
inside, there's a bitter light
of all my nature's wrongs and little
rights
I know... I don't belong
always estranged, quite deranged.
unreasonable solutions to avoidable
problems
I just feel for you, a flaming suggestion
an affectionate connection
It will never be quite true
the distance and how much we
withdrew

the air and the people
suffocating and primeval
atmosphere is a choke
I don't want to provoke
a response of destruction
I just want your warmth
from the distant norths
I can't hide my failures
failing at the seems
wish I was something
not the thing that I am I am
just a different person
not a false man
an invisible body
or destiny self made woman
I'd do anything for you, even if it means I die
I'll come back again no longer quite a guy
if I can follow a hobby well that would be great
but currently stuck in endless cycle where I lose
the stakes.
and i
would do anything to feel the inside of your
palm
I don't know what we would do after we meet
eye to eye and discreet
the plans don't to so far
but I'd be happy to be there with you
a friend, sister, lover.
don't care but only for you.
I cry myself knowing it's not true.

---

i have betrayed all my oaths
haven't become worse
became one hated years ago
something ordained to be destroyed
but no more, there was a sight

a basking light of liberation
from this hollow night
i've seen it
and set sail to it
became the past's nightmare
a lone captain stuck ashore
never more free then the wind
thanks to you, i sailed the moon
seen what's right and what's suppressed
and in fright not to digress
not the same person at all
he had died in that war of the mind
the ashes and embers reignited
a new form, enlightened
i wish i could be there
standing not on a chair
but with yours hands in mine
i can't convince anyway
but please answer the flags
i know i'm repetitious
it's to hard to sail on

but i cannot quite imagine
trying to live on
without your essence in upon the moon
upon the sea, stranded with no captain
and maybe i'm just a wench
what if it's something more
i'd take on trials of folklore
if it means i can see your face
the one you wish to erase
to define the lines of true expression
and make everyone true
maybe together we could sail to definition
please don't sever yourself
your not a god for me
but are the one i see in dreams
don't want to sound depraved
there's no one else in the world i craved
and this song is a empty joke
of self pity that could make one choke
and you'll never hear the lines
because i'd be anxious and ashamed
wanting someone, is a fool's game
but to be cared for, is to be changed
i just want to fly away, unbound
like birds of sea

i don't have much to say
but we will go until the day
in which light collapses night
and we all bask in the delight
your view marls my rites
and everything predisposed, enlightens
it brightens and frightens
all the sorry souls for a choir righteous
and I don't know anything, there's more to say
one time and one moment there will be
there will be a day for we
in which unbound and truly sound
to roam free fields all amore
and our souls soaken
and what has been broken
will be replaced without disgrace
no shards stay glued into place
I just want to see your true right face
hold to you and know a mental taste
feelings reimbursed but the love is unchanged
and I know that you don't know
and I fear of being alone
with the thoughts of it all
dancing in a ball
alone in a broken rhythm
feels like a schism in the mind
when all you tried is blind
when you truly see
there's nothing but weeds
I don't know what to think
don't know who to even meet
and eventual glory to seek
I just want your hand
despite the brazen land
I don't have much left to care
not a saviour or a messiah
just a person there
like a sun made out of flesh
wish to behest
the basking rays
ones that don't betray

but all this penning in a tower
makes the fool lose sight of all
the world is just a fall
and it seems easier when you are small
I walk alone among this hall
it's not inviting but there's a call
that's somewhere very far
I might reach over the wall
and finally in a lasting moment
like an ill magician
get cured of it all
yet we know it's not that way
temperance unreceived
I'll always be a star
before your embalming moon
the night is very soon
and chariots will burn
and everything to churn
stand before your judgement
and receive a bitter justice
to walk two roads again
with you as a greater friend

as we stand
on this broken land
where grand ashen sands
and no glancing anymore

we are just living a chore
if only there would be a place
to escape without a trace
not in outer space
but a room in which face to face
we could exist and take chase
living should not be a race
sometimes I wish
we could escape
and know what to do
to finally be out there
as a friend
be when I'm needed
care where I must
in the end it's not lust
but a sadness of being just
I need to hold you in the arms
and run very far.

In the end of the show
I guess we'll know
where pieces where placed
and the faces we misshaped

maybe then we'll see what's right
under the basking moon night
I do not know
I cannot say
when will the end of the story play
really hard to tell
I hope it's not soon to say farewell
I wish to see your light with a fearless sight
and I will not lay my arms for you
even if it won't work out
I know there's no way else to shout
I wish I could be your friend
to the very end but in truth
I am lost, I am wrong and forbidden to sing this song
but I will, I'm not afraid
shame is only a cascade to remember
it will go on, it will move forward
but my mind is on rewind to the dream
of us in a room, architecturing
I will not let it rest, til my dying breath
I will fight for a dream, impossible thing
I need it you see, it won't fix me
but it's a guiding beacon for this lost ship
I need to sail to your shore from mine
I know that life's unkind
but I won't really mind living in hell
if you're there, and we are fine. I'd love to be aligned.
In harmonic kinship, like sisters on a liner.
I don't know why, I feel inclined to want this
and you won't even want to spark this.
in a breaking I'll choke and make myself
reality made mine, and we'd all just be free
everything we never had will be made true
and I give my hope to you
it will work if I give a push and you a shove
maybe it will take a while but the pain will make it rough
but in the end the marble sparks and sanctity is a dead man's remarks
we will ride over the tide if you take hope and yours mine.
There's nothing left to say, but of anything on your mind.
We gotta take a stance today
or tommorow it could be the end of the line
I am just afraid of losing you in a sense
and maybe one day a fluke hits me in the head
and all my dread manifests in death
and I never have seen your face
what a false little chase
my existence, just erased.
so please let's run away from it all
be unshackled from this wall
hold my hand,
and we'll be free!

I need to hide
I need to run
I need to try become someone
a hallow kingdom, for hollow name
the big, small place to go insane
hidden visions, rids of sight
in death defying beams of light

but man made caves of isolation
a home for nations of stagnation
no longer blesses me the rays of sun
oh how I dearly miss that one.

the incandescent warmth from cosmos endless
has left me, now, gone and restless.
no longer a substitute for loneliness
an invisible prison for the rash

and in spite of realization
the mind goes numb in fear and loss
living a caged dissociation
for a yearning of cessation

and the mind wreaks havoc
over a head of a dying wish
desires to unshackle all
and escape all of this.

yet when you feel dead,
with no one to say you lived.
yet everywhere there's dread,
with dreams of anyone's comforting bliss.

Standing upon the mental edge,
imagining a plunge painless.
Half-expecting death from this,
and wishing to hold one careful.

with the eyes waking again amore.
showing life's never ending chore.
of waking up from bed once more.
and maybe one day I'll take the door.
yet wish to feel something real and true.
of someone's essence and virtue.
I wake up again as a fool.
hoping one day I won't drool.

I just want to
to feel human
after all these years alone
where I hidden
from the people
from the people I never knew

and I knew it was foolish
but I was a fearful, I didn't know
where this road would
would lead, would lead me to death's old throne
and I see it
and I weep

just want something, not feel weak
and I want it
and I need it
but there's much less to say.

beat my fist against the rocky floor
cry but no one hears no more
and in a dead town follow ghosts
because nobody knows no one
and I'm always on the run

I just to be human
like a person
who walks and lives
not a dead man
in a bird cage
in a prison of the mind

I feel the dread
it makes you dead
and moments all just stop
you just hide inside your head
and there's nothing there, it's all just run away.
like a meadow of decay.
there's nothing there
there's nothing there
any more or ever
I just try to run away
but it's forever
inside the mind
it goes on and on and on
you just run on til' tired
and you are wired to the hell train
where they burn and flail the skin
inside your mind
inside the head
but the heart it's still not dead

and it's beating, and it's frozen
and it's of stone but trying
so much trying to break out
and it's hard to believe in yourself
when your definitions are self doubt
with your heroes hating themselves
you inherit the illness
and all seems like stillness and glee
until you learn to see
that everything is dead
inside your weary head
and when the tower falls
you know you won't know when
until it's too late and you're laying
on floor in the room
asking "is it too soon?"
I need to feel human
I just want someone to be there
I'm not alone I swear.
I just need to find a path and not stand still
til the dying breathe takes me away.
until that day of wandering the broken corners
makes you feel much older
yet like a child still.
it all just feels chilling
and cold
with no warmth to behold
and I'm sorry
and afraid
I just don't want to die yet
and I want to worthy
of atleast one person's glory

and I want to
feel the gaze in my eyes
for a moment, as a vision.
I just want to be there.
not alone but as a human. As myself, not shade
or reflection but ascension to a person at all.
and I don't know why I need you
why I want to escape
just to see you
just to know you
but I'm afraid I'd just be a terrible awful thing
a creature of abuse.
I want to live now, not be hiding but I'm afraid it's inside
me.
but I'd still be human, like a person
like somebody
no one's perfect
but I'd be there
and I'd stand up
not on my knees anymore.
I would feel the wind hitting my eyes
and know that I can cry
and all would be fine.

In the end of the show
I guess we'll know
where pieces were placed
the faces we misshaped
maybe then we'll see what's right
under the basking moon night
do not know I cannot say
when will the end of the story play
hope it's not soon to say farewell
to see your light with a fearless sight
I will not lay my arms for you
if it won't work out
there's no way else to shout
to be your friend to the very end
but in truth
I am lost, wrong
forbidden to sing this song, not afraid
shame is only a cascade to remember
it will go on, will move forward
my mind is on rewind
the dream of us in a room, architecting
will not let it rest, impossible thing
need it, it won't fix
it's a guiding beacon for this long lost ship
sailing to rekindle lights of lost innards
life's unkind, won't mind living in hell if you're there
love to be aligned. In harmonic kinship, like sisters on a
liner.
don't know why, feel inclined to want this
you won't even want to spark this.
in a breaking, choking and make myself reality
and we'd all just be free
everything we never had will be made true
giving my hope to you
in the end the marble sparks
sanctity is a dead man's remarks
we will ride over the tide if you take hope and yours mine.
There's nothing left to say, but of anything on your mind.
We stand today, not tomorrow. it could be the end of all ire.
I am just afraid of losing you
maybe one day a fluke hits me in the head
& all my dread manifests in death
I never have seen your face
what a false little chase my existence, just erased.
so please let's run away from it all
be unshackled from this wall
hold my hand
to run before the last bell tolls

hell is my mind
oh how greatly unkind
i feel it rapture my soul
i don't know anymore
but keep standing among
ashes and stars
i feel burning on my scars
yet i am alone
and it's rightfully so
so i ran shores
and broke legs
until i find love again
the kind that makes you human
loving of the world again
still i'm standing, pretending
that i am nobody
but out there's someone
holding my body
yet my mind is unkind
and breaks me, and kills me
i need somebody
to save me and break me
bound, bind and blinded
i feel it around me
stuck in a sound
feeling around
waking once again
for the first time my friend
not scared of myself yet
running through fields
there's no regret
except that you aren't here
and not sorry to be
i just want you to fly
don't really ask me why
i cannot tell you
won't say goodbye
seeing a broken sky
we can fix it alright
we can make it out alive

Without saying goodbye
for the life until i die
there's a conversation on the fly
and a reason to reply
Searching queries and disguise
preparations to see it right
I remember that light
ages past without a rite
pains no longer last
tried to forgive you alas
but there's something in your heart
beating blood dark
seething to depart
oh no, why?
Why are you full of hate?
Didn't you demonstrate compassion
to a human?
Feels like fate?
didn't you relate to the pains of the quarry?

Then why did you say that?
Become a nihil and arise
a painful display of lies
Doesn't it hurt? This isn't you.
Whatever could i do?
Who slain your heart?
The one who lead me right.
i just can't stand by your side.
nothing there but spite.
To you, humanity is a blight.
Except me but that's not right.

I will still listen
on a beacon's chair
and wait 'til you find me there
with hope for the end
making amends

with the shade of moon to come
soon the world will be undone
and remade in morning's sun
to know of sins never foreseen
yearn for justice and everything
every face to be erased
each thought lost in the escape
bloomless choking tunnel light
eternal pain becomes delight
an righteous spirit forever more
a mind of thousands, a choir.
All bent upon exalted hell
to bring the universe to dark
and despite the pain we have reached
I cannot bear but scream
all are fools before me

Wish you find the path again
to call you a friend
and if you need my help
I have an arm to spare
so don't despair
someone loves you
and will be there
it's not quite me
I'm like a tree
just don't want to see you rot and die

believe we all can fly
and see the reasons why
hate makes us apathetic and cruel
hopeless and a fool
and don't fear death to the end
I will always be your friend
even if I disappear
please remember I'd be near
and let go
there's nothing to the world
except other people
who all seem quite simple
but there's always more to realize
don't let assumptions cloud your eyes

and don't let dreams paralyze
manifest with all your tries
and understand in the end
we all need everyone to ascend

living in hell
couldn't you tell
the ways i revel
casting a spell
healing the world and making it well
cure all the cells
stop being a shell of emotions
stand where you fell
and move on
couldn't you tell?
I was born in hell
don't mean to compel your sympathy
just want to learn to see
and live a life more lividly
for too long have i cried
so many times i have died
i cross fate in a chase between myself
and maybe i am faster
what a scary idea
i'd rather be behind
learn to say my farewells to my kind
yet you see i'll be running
cross the fields and meadows twice
to escape hell on your advice
and to say i lived there in past lives

i keep seeing things
at the edge of my sights
concentration in tears
refraction of light
everything in aches
and waking is pain
bones feel brittle
and nothing's the same
but it feels all so stagnant
and tiring to be
it's only 20
and i don't think i am we
always on sidelines
a creative mind in shackles
wish i was someone
maybe else but doesn't matter
why does this happen?
trapped in glass
feel like i'm sorry
but i don't know how long it would
last
and maybe it's endless
but i would go mad
wish i could end this
and finally be glad
to see the darkness fade in
without a final light
but my hand will always reach for
a curtain and the sight
for i will always wish to
be alive despite
even in a dark room
even when there's nothing
even when i'm shackled
even when i'm dying
even when the sun's gone
and my home stands in ruin
abandoned by some homeland
i'd still have my dreams
no scars that i'm proud of
i just want to live
i don't think i have
i just want to be me
not a slave to someone else
i just want to run free
and hold someone in my arms
i wish somebody knew me
but i don't think that will happen
i'm not on my knees
just barely standing
i won't be pleading
i'll just be trying
to finally breathe
some fresh
air.

here, i hand my resignation
from this dying, great old nation
to be moved to the grave
like mistakes of sacred ideals
moving a new charade
oh with haste they will be made
the plans to make us change
but i'm standing on the moon
looking for the afternoon
and when i will you'll all see!
when man becomes legacy!
with every breathe i make
To mourn those we lost in wakes
and then i'll fall, too soon to come
truly was never the one
and never should become
it's all false tragedy
there is no judge or saviour
still will be on my best behaviour
to see another smile
i'll run for a while
on the flooded coastline
where i dreamed of another
when river was much calmer
and i was less estranged
still equally deranged
and maybe i was a lover
but there wasn't one for me
i'd just like to see
the stars align for each other
and dance like the ocean
boats in constant motion
grappling with a typhoon
to be reborn on a schoon
all the masts to be with whom?
never knew the equation
to end this proper day dream
that seeps into my mind
every time i feel fine
i want more from life then estrangement
maybe i could make an arrangement
that i'd be liberated from derangement
i can't take this enslavement to the a basement
of my mind's enragement
I just want a moment
to feel like a living one would
and hear the nailing of wood
to sigh a deep breathe
and glide with wind
to stop thinking about it
i don't very need it
i'm fine on my own
but i know that's a lie
yet i've always been with none
still i dream of some
yet it will never happen
don't think i can be happy

i thought we were dead
living under lead
and there was a silk thread
getting cut by the fates
but then i awoken
and everything was broken
i felt i was choking on blood
but that did not happen
it never changes
mind misarranged fictions with the truth
feel like i've seen myself, hanging in the room
tied to a noose by foot, don't know why
it happens on the fly, visions i deny
try to realize, that i cannot fly
yet they still persist, imaginary myths
saw on you the stairs
desperate for cares
i just stood there, staring at moon
it cannot come too soon, missed the afternoon
then i just cried, i thought we had died
gripping the air, you weren't there
one sided dream, nothing to gleam
wish to disappear, like a missing pier
just to see the boats, try to dock their coats
but i'm not there, dreaming for despair
but there's always hope, despite all logic wrong.
i cannot let go of thoughts
that dissipate, emotions emulate
tragic scenes of death, or love letters mess
wish you were, somewhere faraway with me there
i'd just stand by, like good friends and silently cry.
Looking at the sea and stars overhead.
Having a laugh, or a silent smile
wish i was someone you could desire
like a good friend, that you could touch
i don't need much.
God i hope i don't
just don't want to choke
on all that's not there, in this withering thing
a body of nothings, wishing to see
need moments to nurture, a realization of a fantazation.
What does it mean to see something you've experienced.
No longer to stand blankly dead.
To live like I faintly said.
to hold warm hands
and make nice plans
or just walk into the end.
and be happy for it then

it concedes
it stops it all
a beginning of the fall
the cessation, a limitation
of a will and a loss
when it seems there is no worthy cause
when causation meets the finalization
and it all begins again
it wishes it's body rots
to give the roots another life
and the lowly beasts could survive
off his flesh and intestines
a glorious fate for a pedestrian
to feel something at all
in the death of consciousness
wishing darkness on it's face
and everything's great erase
the universe folds twice, ring before those dying eyes
the tower in disguise, on a distant silhouette
it's the last thing that i see
as my breathes become aloof
and the air ceases proof
in the past i tried to stand
but when i did the ships have sailed
to another distant land
and all the people disappeared
yet those in mind
under 6 inches undermine
they pull me down from the chains
the ones i slipped onto myself in sleep
my own great deception to it's knees
i feel my life had gone
and never would return
stranded upon my own isle
a peninsula of a child
where puppets walk the stage
and my role is disengaged
stranded where i shouldn't be
feeling absent of everything
bitter rots the soul
and everything and evermore
i can't wait to be no more
so the nightmares don't break shore
there was never no idyllic garden
but a prison of my idleness
and a blindness of the eyes
and only with a pair of glass
does the vision return everything to past.

I don't want to see the light
to be unsheathed and ceased to be
not hide in misery, existing with purpose and mind
while the universe is unkind
striving to thrive with yourself
finding out what left and spared
maybe then I would be prepared
no, I'm not scared. Just lost in dreaming and wind
maybe it is, the end
I'll never make it, but I hope I will.
taking the shot, a cold metallic thrill
making a red mark on shirt
it really doesn't even hurt
but that's a lie,I see a face in the sky
reminds me of the life, I never had.
Only wished for, in a dream.
It's all distant now it seems
never knew how to achieve
and the tide is rolling in
my rotting skin of my sin
always missed to know someone
forgotten by everyone
all my hands folded in crowds
never saying anything loud
just nodding my head to the sounds
but now I think I know
why the world is lonely so
the absence presented
by a life of an absentee
that's who I'm going to be
as my lungs and heart go out
the blood mixed with doubts
and tears of regret
I guess I asked for all of this.
By standing on the sidelines
never taking a position
and then asking a god
to take my life of pain away...
I'm not sorry
I'm not angry
just wanted
another chance
to make my life a song and a trance
wish I could wake up in mornings again
with a cheering smile
all the pain was never quite as worthwhile
to say the things I thought
maybe become a polyglot
and never doubt my convictions
understanding when I'm wrong
but it's all fading away
as enemy soldiers sway
I asked for death from the government
and they gladly obliged
what is there else to say?
except it's my last new day
my body rots and is forgotten
who knew life's so broken?

we ran we shook
we never looked at each other
we just knew from a glance another
I'm a crook and a liar
should have burnt my on a pier
make me disappear
but today is a honest choir
take my hands and run the meadows
makes it feel like running tornadoes
and I see the weeping structures
of our aging dying culture
I'm a vulture for a life
in which we live and are free tonight
and I don't weep for the soldiers
I just ask for closures
searching the responsibility of all
take my hand, we will go to a ball

and hey it's going to be okay
despite the sky collapsing
and anyway it will look that way
it's just our hearts are crying
and the songs and the lying
we never quite learned flying
and while we constantly are trying
to convince each other that we aren't dying
I look the skies for all instants
to soak in the radiance of stars
if you can cure all these scars
that wouldn't make you a messiah
but I'd follow like the apostles
and preach a teaching for all kindness
don't cry from all of this
we're just people searching homes
maybe a found family, I suppose
but who knows what I need
simply want to feel at ease.
But I won't stop searching
for some hope inside my brain
to operate on levels not deemed as insane

find me beached after collapsing
never ending relapsing
judge's verdict was not guilty
but I will come back to jail
to see your face and hope you glance my trace
I just want to be yours or maid
don't know why I have these problems
of magnetic orbital ellipsis
take me out like a sister
but I will come in blisters
and cry upon a cushion
maybe I will dream of you
but in the end I just to remove
the thought out of my brain
and hope one I will find peace
without yearning and sane.

there's a place with your face
taken up with disgrace
fuck your blades and your marrow
eyes plucked by ten old sparrows
no one stands in his way
the great old what's his name?
If you could get me a prescription
for my fireeyed alkaline addiction
gotta die and doctor you gotta give me
find a lie through this six shooter business
take your time but your sis needs this
and when i find that you missed me
bullet shots have never kissed ye
how to find a way
to make it right
make it bright
if you could, please
shoot the sun
make it decease andplead
for it's life
for the dark paradise
make it spark, unrise
another day
another mark
another bounty
another lie, oh my WHY!
i would like you to know that i have already died before!
so nothing you can do to me
means really anything anymore
since i am like Persephone
never having anything
but the grass at my feet
and the voices discreet
i feel the wind for the first time
as i shot the sun
the merciful one
so that everyone would feel my pain
that was insane
why would I want that?
why did I do that?
don't I see humanity is the same?
But it just never felt really that way
i felt distraught
and lost
in thoughts of death
i feel like i shouldn't remiss
but you are all
frauds and liars
take these pliers and unroot yourself
That wasn't me but an illusion, a shade of time
i have killed that man before
he was a liar, trickster and loser.
Cried in self-pity and hate for all more.
because he grown up in a cage whose lock has been
broken
but was never taught to escape anymore.

Never wanted to fly until it was late
and his life was sealed away by a cruel fate.
No, I am lying.. trickery is trying to tell me that i
wasn't here before.
Made in this body, shaped by a skewer. I always
knew i was misplaced.
Once saw a vision of a different life
Haunted by it since birth in this so called paradise
Never wanted glory
sanction from heaven.
just wanted a life
where i was human.
not a misconception
of pain and ignorance
this is all of my life
I shot the sun, it was me, i was him and myself.
But there is no moon
it's a dark afternoon
Just any light to take away the dark night
no aurora for the blindness
please anything for a kindness
why is life always this cold?
I was never told
it would end this way.
all i wanted anyway
was someone to hold my hand
and tell me it would be okay
but i don't even know who i'd want.
humanity's voyeur
sometimes looking at a noose
for everything is obtuse
broken, and alone.
should i be ashamed or stoned?
thinking on the shore.
about my presence in loan
and everyone is able to see
feel the world in pedigree
everything feels meaningful to me

if there was meaning
i'd give it a chance
if there was feeling
i'd look another glance
if there was money
i would be nobody
if there was happiness
i don't know what would be
if there was somebody
i'd just despair
if there was a way out
i'd try bringing everyone there
if i could save myself
i'd think of those back home
if i could save them
i would have meaning
if i had the chance
i wish i knew what to do.

If you could give me a chance
pierce my heart upon a lance
give me one final glance
another try at this seance
yet i'll give you the same dances
reasons of shit advances
makes life a seasons of triages
killing parts that fail the trances
forget all your friend's visages
nothing lives in love and war
take me back like i'm a whore
please just open up the door
I can't go back, nothing's there
feeling like they left me on the
floor
i'd tear my heart if i could
but i'm afraid that i should
body feels sore all the time
but i swore that i'm alive
yet i am always a liar
trying to fly higher
i want to believe there is more
that i can learn to be
just like before
not a shell but some more
an intrusion of ideals for sure
every appeals won't reach the ears
a karmic debt of my gears
living in fears of myself
that i'll never rest until the end

I had died ages ago
but now I'm alive
and won't let go
don't have the answers to anything
that's okay, don't need no more
yet it's hard to live in eternal war

oh why, does everyone just lie?

I can't just survive, I need to realize
the abstract things that plague my mind
a prison of my design, born to be undermined
I just the key to open my life

my life, i a disguise that I try to hide
chemicals control my lights
I want to be unchained tonight
oh no why,is it so hard
to survive?

is there colour? is there meaning? is it all secceding? in the end, I'm alone without a friend,without a soul. where did it all go? I just wanted control of myself, for what do I need it for now? when ground is red, everything misled. I feel like I'm dead again, and again. How am suppose start over again...

i hear the sounds
i feel the sorrows
why can't i believe in a tomorrow?
i'm falling to my knees
pleading with higher beings
yet i know there no requitance
there will always be an acquaintance
that i think about in pain
because i went with them through the door
and i never felt before
and i will never feel again
until i talk to you again, dear friend

a rainy day
when all went away
a chapel's bell tolled today
I stood there, without a tear
as I saw all I've known disappear
left alone by myself and fear
with nothing to say, for no one to hear
didn't feel sad either any way
walked the lands with my hands all the day
wondered why I felt astray
no place for morning or pray
could I have been ill in some way?
wondered what I truly wanted
to rest my head of this all unprompted
to wake from this horrible dream

the endless losing motions
of my broken emotion
stuck in a dying concrete ocean
tying my mind in a crochet
trying to stave the rain away
yet without I feel an awry awe
laying like bails of rotting straw
pleading for the world's maw
to consume everything I saw
yet at moments of Ra's withdraw
when no pain is caused to me
I glimmer eyes of a wright
basking under a small lunar light
and I wish to make the world more bright

stuck and diseased
pleading on my knees
missing close seas
lost to time all at ease
fleeting make belief

until it slipped my chances
enchants me but it's gone far away
endless disarray, please come back to me
all opportunities are withering, final chapter listening
but nothing comes when the winds are still
oh right the night is crawling on despite
sing swan songs until i find the light
sparking and enlightening
wish to be struck by lightning
maybe i'd find it, enchanting glamorously
but it's all siren songs of lies in tongues
i need to walk in truth
no veils prevailing
but it's hard to see when you're a fool
when you shoot yourself in the head but it's not you.
to walk alone from spite of everyone
never learning to love just to move on
forgetting to listen to anyone, again and again and again

you repeat and repent
it means nothing in the end
no one is your friend
blame a man in mirrors
because you had a conscience that your arrogance outgrew
you knew, Every single hole you've dug
is a grave for you life and love
that was never true, disguises of humanity
oh the insanity of trying to be everybody else
why don't you take off your masks and look the glass
see that you have no shadow of yourself, again
oh again, you say sorry but it means nothing truly
foolishly you try to hope but it chokes your reasoning

oh my, you are living a lie
in which you convince yourself to cry
and begging god to make you die
yet i'd never seen you even try
to stay alive or say goodbye
oh my, you haven't realized
that you never changed your life
a nihilist in disguise, pretending hope in making crying eyes
oh again, you look at your friends, family and strangers with envy
wishing to have the things you never knew you wanted
feeling like your life is a disability, a mistake of cosmic debt
or whatever bullshit you tell yourself
like right now, the lyrics are your crown
thinking that acknowledgment is some form penitence

no, you're simply never happy at the world
and everyone whose in it
never tried to even fix it
yet still slacking off, rather destroy yourself in self-pity
oh what is the answer for your illness?
or do you truly deserve this horror
it's the endless question of your mind
are you truly kind?
why does everyone forget you exist?
Surely no one has personal lives.
choosing new identities at a whim
thinking it would erase your made up sins
and make someone want to know you
yet you never show yourself at all
reclusive intrusive non-active undead
convincing yourself things will get better
yet you never make it so...

oh, it's myself
I just make up scenarios
in which I'm not an animal
dancing a tango with my life
trying hard to be someone alive
not just living, more then existing
to be loved and loving, a world of belonging
of my dreams. That will never cease
i'm a liar in disguise
an alien trying to be human all night
but i can't do anything
i'm afraid to fail
because someone will tell me freeze
and send me to jail
i don't why, everyone prevails
i wish to stand with thee
the ones who made this life real
but i am full of falsehoods
a personality of pretending
to be someone i'm not
walking down the street
i saw three people struggling to throw their trash
i didn't help them
i just stood and watched
maybe then i would have felt alive
but i never get to see
what life got to bring
when the eyes turn black and skies are full of ash
Wish i roamed more and talked about the grass
but i was too afraid, until it was all unmade
does anything really matter to me?
is there really a reason to be?
nothing really matters to me
nothing really is me
I wish i could really see
wish i could just see

this life is nothing
what's right is nothing
to fight for nothing
my name is nothing
nothing at all
there's just nothingness in us all
nothing, nothing, nothingness

i opened my eyes
when the stars shined brightly
it was so delightfully chaotic
to see the microscopic dance
i felt a chance, to seize myself
it felt all erotic, it was like a narcotic
maybe life could be addicting
but i'd contradicting myself, again
i don't want this sort of friend.
For it would leave me to a destined end
so i'll close my eyes again
to then just open them
it's so easy to breathe
when the weight lifts with ease
and you know there's nothing
that can bring you down
because the world has something that could make you drown
drown, in the thoughts
of every single person
of everything i've done and still could do
what will i do without all the people i've hurt?
will they return or be forgotten memories
take me away, to a sea
so that i could learn to see
without the past making me
into nothingness again
unchained from all the sin
i felt born within, ecdysis of insides
i don't want to die!
simply learn how to cry
i wish i did before, before i made them virtually fly away from me
i miss their sorrow touch
it really didn't mean much
but i wish, it did to me and them
but, there's more to see
maybe, it'll be, a prophecy!
or a lost tale
anyway you place the scales
it will all go
nothing lasts, curtain pulls

8 billions stars on one orbital dance
feel I like could take a chance and start
despite all the scars and stones in my heart
feeling it all depart, illness of my parts
are healing but gone in one single evening
it hurts to be breathing, erodes every feeling
a small death wins, and all of my sins reappear
no god I wish would appear
striking me with fear
I'm alone,I will cheer for lost
one day we'll find a cause worth living
but now we will be trying and surviving and dying and
buying and selling and feeling and yelling
i cannot, I cannot, I cannot fathom it
why would we handle it like this?
shouldn't we all hold our hands
feel the blood of all the lands
don't care about the promises
look at our eyes and see
that there is everything
this is everything
the soul the world the beings the turning of all feelings
one is not so different, our eyes and bones, insignificance
i took, a look into the stars
looked at all old scars
and forgave them all
will forgive them all
it may hurt despite the call, fury won't solve it all
a galaxy on a plane
it may be profane and insane
but it's people all the same
and that is all that matters to me
what else should matter to me?
all I want is to be

like a ship without sails
the eyes are covered in veils
and in time nothing shall
prevail
in falsehood one shall fail

banners soaked red
everyone wields lead contraptions
skin conditions, radioactive
new age death wave, sounds of cheering
there shall be more female house cleaning

because all of you are stagnating
and isn't it fantastic?
to send the world to death and make more plastic?
in 200 hundred years, dinosaurs drowned in the styx
new techniques to make the world go higher,
chart the market, check these flyers!

brain hypnosis
osteoporosis of your skull
fingers made of various explosives
remote controlled fake faces and forces
there are no human beings left complacent
if you don't surrender your thinking
then what's the point of you being here?

you must cheer for the executions, incarcerations and destruction!
if you don't then a traitor and a martyr. Will come for your soul
tomorrow!

New age survivor
mistake for a diver
I had a thought of siren and there in the abyss
a generation of sun amiss is waiting for survival
from atmospheric loss, humanity has paid the cost
for nationalist blood lust, a corporation of endless segregation
has conducted it's subjugation: new profit analysis
there won't be any hydrolysis, all life will be dying
no rain, no clouds, no atmosphere, all the ecosphere are collapsing
southern world is on fire, northern has all heart's desire
new feudal lords and capitalist sires, end of humankind and it's ires
live for the entertainment, terraform made up places
but don't ask why the grass isn't green
all you've seen could be liars, ad space in eyes and ears
endless dehuminist schills, buy your new life from anyone
hear the cosmic radiation, you can't afford basic medication
and no one cares about your frustrations
world of rot and joy, soon the earth will reap your ploy
it's asking why it's dying, why is the whole world dying?
can we stop it from dying?
please stop from killing it all
we have to fight to live at all.

there is no place where I could walk
human spaces written in electric chalk
if I could I'd rather have met you all
touch the palm and know what those feeling are
please don't leave because deceased it would be a hollow want
but that's just me and we are free to choose how to walk
you'd never see me try to tie a noose or talk
but I really want to
but I really want to
yet I want to, let it all go away
on a slow wave, down the shore
where the riverman, waits some more.
and I'd say things, I say to you.
Except, I'll know that i never knew.
how to love a thing that wants to go
to a world where everything is before.
It's hard to live in despair, in world in disrepair.
you and me could fix it slowly
at least make our tiny world homely
and I'd do anything to not feel lonely.
yet I love myself enough to know when there's abuse
never make enemies with someone who can choose
say no to those who are cruel
maybe, one day I'll make the crew
of some people, that always would be true.

Sail a solemn ship made of metal and brick
never have to live in an eternal queue
to be a person that you never knew
we all probably have cracks
but without them there'd be nothing to lack
no stories, no heart attacks
you gotta trust someone to get it back
to not die and wither from weight
I know, it's not easy to take
when your whole life you've been food
for snakes
I need a fight against these waves and wakes
a concrete ocean of isolation
city streets full of frustrations
someone has to build a reincarnation
of a world without these nations
where world's people are together
and no one dies from the weather
I'd do it all, all forever
I'd do it all and all forever
I'd do it if it meant we'd live in peace
I think we can do it and suffer the least
so that those after we are gone
could go on, so that they could go on.
and there would be no more war and no disease

and all the people in the past
all the people that i knew
they have passed another shore
and i didn't say a word
not a whimper or a whisper
because i had died, silent and forgotten
lead between the eyes, but death was foul gotten
fell to the grass, my mind still rotting
synapses played and one eye was talking
saw foreign men with their rods of fire
brought down all i knew, in a blaze of desire.
death was left, and an ocean of blood.
Before that, they brought their air of illness
a curse to to all the greatest of plains
and in the future i saw all their wishes
when the wind and rain spoke at once
through a thunder, whispered the whole world
united
in an invisible empire of fear
with powers that made us all together
but no one stood up or would cheer.
and the nature and all that was left
of the future wars we were bereft
there would be a greater fire
that burns the sun and the moon
all the air would grow silent.
The great spirits had whimpered and died.
on these lands a state would rise
that would bring all life to it's knees.
they had made a weapon and ignited it
and it made the whole world disappear
all was left was a cold void
and no one left, no one left that could fear.

when life is one lonely ship
on the weeping sea of death
there's nothing you can say
that won't make me glee and regret
i had found a current
that seemed to lead to people
where their eyes were much more feeble
and their world was more open
through the kind words they have spoken
but it's all
just nothing at all
just nothing at all
and i had learned to fall
but not to get up
the darkness of this luck
I had to find a lost soul
on the same stream of decay
grab their arm and run away
i don't think we wanted that
or for a matter of the fact
i don't know what i want
and that's all i have desired
was to find a friend for the fires
a campfire of liars
I know, the world is always turning
the old rots away
from decay life gives way
and yet
there is a torrent of pain
it drives the mind insane
there's nothing you can say, to anyone, to anyone
there's nothing you can do, anymore
nobody owns that one, it kills a part of you
don't let it be lost, you can re-affirm, return what it costs
the streams always folding
a world made of false leaves
a tree that never grows old, the roots will all fade
but i can't find a kin of myself
roaming the grass afraid
I just wish i was made
just wish, i could see a face
on a desolate island
where the people don't care at all
i have learned to stand up
thus died so many times
searching for a way
to not only survive
oh i heard so many stories
of lives and their mistakes
but i'd just be happy
to have one at all
so sorry if i seem to be full of contempt
when you speak to me
i never saw the sea
and yet you speak of it so badly to me.

there are no living people anywhere
eight billion individuals in despair
not even me, i'm not really there
so close to something, yet only nothing
there
like a ghost of a person in disrepair

haunting the world in different light
eyes concentrated on an endless night
distracted by artificial brightness
a false sense of being righteous
when the world rots around
no one hears a sound
as the creaking pipes and wires
the trees and wildfires
all the wind and clouds and sun
run away from everyone
until an endless dusk
where our bones have turn to dust
and no one can really say
what we had missed today

wish we'd look around
to the distant dying sounds
so that maybe we could stop them
and hold onto life more often
i know it's not the same
but it feels real anyway
to live with all like one
for the better of everyone.

i just want to heal
not distract with electric feeling
and i just want to escape
the entrapment of this human cave
to be free of all the burdens
the things i cannot control
yet no world is like that still
and i will control what is here

how do we know what is real?
how do I learn to feel?
sometimes I wish for my last meal.
Yet sometimes in the sky there is a fragrance
A sign remembrance
and I feign, and I laugh as those petals fly by
But it were lies, they were last
And I tried but I don't know where I'm at.
Want this ride to be slower, this life. I want to know.
And all, the people and the flowers.
And the awful passing hours.
So that there can be a colour less gray
And the world and cosmic showers
Rains and stars and skies
Maybe I'll see, those pretty eyes.
That haunt my head, they are dead or, were never alive.
And I tried to understand
But I think it was a mirror, a sign of something nearer.
Just wish, I could be her.
Without the end, without the lonesome.
Maybe, on the long road.
When it's dark and cars are riding
Where the stars are bright and guiding.
Feeling the essence of the night.
I'd be like how she'd hope, who is me, who is me?
But anyone, can really see.
That it all really means alot to me.

know that we're criminal
but we thought we're subliminal
and there is an infatuation
Of it's estimation and flammable
castration
so we are overthinking
about not overthinking
because it makes it easier
to forget that we are on the death lists

i scattered your hand
away from your body
i took what was bland
and made it into a trophy
i scarred your throat
but let the soul stay in you
you can feel my hand
caressing all that is inside
you
know what has been said
and what won't ever
this is all a dream
but it doesn't have to be
you can take my hand
and become somebody
you can burn my face
and runaway
still you will become
a person from conflict
you can kill me now
and learn to live

I remember the ceiling
remember the dust
the darkness abound
the rattling steel sound
and I've heard all the chatter
dismantling of matters
the dark grins beneath
and blades left unsheathed
I left the world there
in a place in the south
where the northern ones hate
and with gunpowder in the mouth
where the people can't live
without the death guard to come
I remember the sounds
the falling of bullets
a volley of turrets
where birds are bombs
and there are no happy songs
but those sung by dead men
who wield all the ornaments
who wish death upon another
and most important of all
There is no god
There is no country
There are the people
There in the cities
You don't fight for them
You fight for a fear
That you can dissapear
But you will not do right
But you'd rather be hollow
Exist as a shell
Now there are no people
Now there are no cities
Just like your god
Just like your countries
Beyond the rivers, nobody dares.
It will be you next
The coming moments
If you don't fight it
Then you will drown in red.
and as I sing this on the ground
A slowly whimpering sound
of the soul leaving the body
I remember everybody
There has to be love in the world
Because at least I still have it
Because there still is justice
Because we will make one
But...
No one is right. And..
Only the refugee knows
How to save the earth
For they saw it go
For they know what is needed
For they know where we're headed

all the times
all the witherings thing
fly by
like ash inthe firestorm
when you aren't quite that old
it seems so fantastical
to live in hell
to see the death
but it's actually not about age, but it's just deranged
it makes you silently lose your mind
and you start walking while asleep
not realizing what's going on down deep
and i saw it, and i died there
i don't know how i'm alive here
but maybe i can redefine existence
sometimes it's really just hope and persistence

and i'm afraid
i am gone
i'm a dead thing-thought
a box-polyglot for empathy
there's so little of it here
so please, don't disappear

all my friends think they will die
this year or next, but in this decade, yes
and i feel left behind
yet they are still alive
i'm not sure what to think at all
will i be part of this murder-suicide?
i don't want to go on living alone and seeing and growing old
without all those dear people who shown me warmth when it got cold

and the world is death
to wish a final breathe
i can't imagine living at all
it's hard to realize
How truly awful it is
to exist without being real
without being allowed to say how you feel
and i can't do anything against this
there is no one here who needs saving
but i'm selfish perhaps
i'd go with them anyway it lands...
but i really wish, we all could just fix this.

Not all hope must be kind of gentle, it can be a combustible violent hope that burns away at it all. Turning the boundaries of reality and imagination to ash. A hope so burning and passionate that it's hard to not become a dreamer under it's heat. That makes you think even in the darkest hour, with the cruelest of words that a better world is fucking possible.

the death's cult 's here
they want me to.. dissapear
i don't why why
but i cried
for several hours
all the moments show
i should have known
that this outcome was predetermined

Predestined when born
the horrific gender norm
i never really stood a chance now, did i?
There was always war
and the desolation cull
they would have reached me tommorow
or i thought
or atleast i thought
I dreamed of someone else
taking all my sorrow

and i'd form a world
in my heart, in my soul
that would, live to the tommorows
i don't when it ended
but i accidentally ascended
and stood on higher ground
my exuvia of a body
has let down everybody
i couldn't resist
i sat down as cis
and i don't know
but i cried
for several hours

and sirens roared
and my face was torn
from my neural emotional complex
and blank restless bitch face
it was all that was there
i forgot, how one even smiles
all the fake form shit
the fucking pretending bit
where you say, that you are thankful
to the ones who abuse
to those who stole your shoes
and forced you to walk on glass for days
i remember their faces
their bloodlines and traces
they all flow back into my genes

i bear a curse of years
centuries of cruelty
i wish i could escape it
the human race and death
i won't accept any of this
there will be, a new sentient species
a different type of being
a different type of living
escaping all this terror
i'll tear off my skin
and i'll pull all from within
like i did before
i'll do so again
until i find acceptance inside me
the soul and it's fire
unsatiating desire
my wishes and dreams
they could charge everything
if they were convertible to capital
but the tests show
there is no soul yet
which can be made marketable
so i'll roam the world
free of all my pain
i will find the cure
endlessly i'll procure it
so that the world could live
please do not surrender
i need your embers
there will be a most suble flame
from your saddened soul
i'll help you be whole again
your the only faith
my single chase
only heat in the cold universe
but if you want to leave
i'll be able to live
i just, want you to be wonderful
i'll chase a dream
fire for everything and everyone, who has ever been here.
so the knowledge will grow
and i'll know
that my self is not pitable

people will cast off their humanity and
kindness for the smallest of things,
sacrificing all for just a glimpse of
power over others. the cruelest part is
that it could be you.

can you run?
can you hide?
from the crying in your heart?
will you die from the starving flames?
if you would, if you will
does it all really matter?
all the promises of null batter
but nothing of a swill of tenderness
oh what a bliss must you twist?
to be a silent dying mist
and remembered by nothingness

i just wish for a simple wish.
i have no words to give
and my incantations plain as the air
i just ask to be a little more insane
if you could?
if you will?
drive a knife in my still
then i'll know all my hope will be dark
and i'll be free of all desire
i'll never sing in that choir
and i'll never hear your voice again
but what a miss
i'd rather be amiss to
then live knowing that i'll never get there
and honestly miss
i'm tired of all this
i just want soft hands and a softer pillow
and i have to learn to be more mellow
since the world begun i was yellow for it all
and everything that i wanted
i could never quite receive
but life is like that they say.
i hate it that way
just a little comfort and peace for a second?
is it so much to ask?
Why do others get it easy?
i just want to feel something without weight or
coldness.
with no sharp edges or bleeding boldness
and all the wounds they will spark
and i'll never quite depart
from this world of desperate calderas.
they melt your will away
and lead you astray
because maybe one day there will be an eruption
and from it a seismic change
so that life could be re-arranged
and maybe then it will all be easier

and the honest truth is
i'm just quite pissed
and really quite saddened
that there is no one asking for my name

The world
Doesn't need an explosion
To end and be erosive
To burn humankind
If you must desire
A thermonuclear radiation
A nuclear winter
By any other name
If you want to see earth
To quickly run it's course
To become a barren rock
Then do nothing
Then do nothing
Land your arms to the ground
And do nothing
Surrender your nerves
Give up your muscles
Cease your thinking
And do nothing

The world will die
Because we'd rather kill
The world then change
Because we are ill
Because we are broken
As a people, we are ruined
Invisible glass cages
Never in the other ages
Were we made, to sit so still
And surrender our bodies
And surrender our thoughts
And surrender our beings
But no one still fights
Because everyone is tired, so they'd rather
Be killed on the spot
By doing nothing
By being nothing
By resisting with nothing
Nothing at all

And every sentence
And every word
And every promise
And apology
Is nothing
Now we are nothing
There is nothing love
There is nothing hope
And we all nothing choke
Ourselves to nothing death.
So then the world is nothing
And when we become dust
The world will be something
For it heals, without us.

there is no other hearth
where your heart could fit
there is no other earth
where heaven is
There are fantastical lies
but never stop dreaming
It's all running away
but sometimes you have to
when you do carve a blade
from your shadow and tears
because one of the worst fears
of being stuck in a corner
in the dark and alone
means you have to fight with hope and stones
and sometimes all it takes is a leap of the blind
to escape the imaginary bind
to touch the earth and be kind
to feel the wind and be whole
listen to the waters and fluids
accept the disgusting and malformed
the bugs and the world
of accidents prone
the celestial might seem wondrous
but you'll never touch it
but you'll never be there
and you'll be alone
would be the only one there
in your head
in your stars
in your heaven or hell
and the earth will always be waiting for your
return
there are people there.

I saw you down the road
A dead man barely walking
All the bones were loudly cawking
You were barely a man even at all
more like something else entirely, lost at sea
Your friend, a woman of a thousand disguises
Hides you in a new set of guises
That make you feel anything
Oh anything the world had to show
she had died so many times, and you'll never know
On that brittle road of dimes
Quarters making up the pavement
You gave every passion away for entertainment
You have lost control, have become a wreck
Of your very own soul
tear off your flesh and bones
To be a new thing, reinvented on the ceiling
liberated from the awful human being
finally a more ideal body to be
oh everything to be
You can try it in your sleep
oh the sleep you will need
To finally live to thirty
and it's okay to die
As long as you get revived
Just break your soul, put in the coins
You'll get another shot, buckshot

There is nothing left behind those chores
behind the doors of death and more
i took a grave and a mistake
it brought down a note less late
and soon i saw the hollow man
who yearned to be something, expand
but his sad destroyed thoughts
could not imagine a world warless ought to be
oh to beee
truly free
from it all
and see the stars
see the galaxies spiraling, riveting
you and me
at a cosmic ball
you could draw with the milky way
just a shoe slip away
try not to be
a tyrant playing on Major C
but every other note
could be less of minor rope
know
that you know
that you never truly know
so only then can you say
that the world is okay
that the world could be better
and today we are engineers
of a future without weather
that kills all your peers
no steel rains of destruction
just a roaring coast
where it's so easy to boast
that you woke up, not a ghost
oh to bee
anything at all
oh how strange it is at all

take a silence for everyone here
remember those that we hold dear
and the wind-stories of the ones who aren't cheered
take a grace for this is the world's final embrace
for a future from our hearts, that won't have us part
now see the culprits, the liars and pliers at your teeth
they'll unearth all you see and all you need
from your skin they made this money, this fame
and all i tell you, take your weapons and brace your flames
for this world may depart, and we need a violent restart.
and let our souls crescendo into a blaze
that restructures our hearth, for all that remains
once the coda comes, then you'll see beneath the storm
a blossoming of our deeds, made by crude deeds
let us hope before the world wilts away
that we may make it better this way
from it's thorny roots, nourished by blood
that no one was lost in vein
and the heartbeat remains

Perhaps there will be a good day
Where all the things feel okay
And all the pain goes away
Just a tranquil moment in decay
Unmourned and forgotten
Healing what has rotten
Feeding things at the bottom
Hopefully not a wasteful trotting
I know It will always wither
Like the leaves in the winter
And my soul will grow cold again
But it doesn't have to be the end
And in time maybe more days will be warmer
Coloured, maybe even bolder
Perhaps then I will forget bad ones
Yet for now I'm done of all this
just wish I could get a silent rest
A sleep for a couple hours
to scare the eternity this day.

To stand before the glass
and not see myself a face
to know I won't last
but never choose to lay waste

don't quite know you
but we talked for years in spheres
and at first it was a communique
for the plans we made casually
but it's growth and destruction
has made a new form of mind
eruption
and i feel a leak inside my mind
maybe i'm diseased inside
but i've never felt more alive
thinking that there is an escape
and maybe i would meet you late
but at some point
it's probably an unhealthy obsession
but i need ascension just like you do
and i feel for you
when i strangle my effigy away
and become somewhat true in a way

walk in your little dead patterns
where the world goes awry and dies
lead poisoning your heart
so that it can't feel a spark
fill your head with unseen bitterness
so that you have no room for no one else
become a performer for uncaring masses
those who wear blind glasses
since you only care for those who do not care
planning to leave yourself to rest
because what is life if not death?
who cares about the rest?
or is this all caricature? An illusion of surrender?
Perhaps it's all for a wish to be turned asunder.
Mind blown but still there
if you want someone to save you, you have to let them.
if you don't then why are you still here?
tired of loving the unloved. The darkest of the doves.
maybe sometimes you have to rob someone of choice so that they can have it later.
but it doesn't make it good
it's not really nice
you don't heal someone by muffling them.
yet it's not like the world is kind to us.
so why must we shoot each other?
we are all on the same side
and there aren't many of us

There is a mystery in your history
where were you again?
don't remember when we even became friends?
I don't you, you don't know me
but when will you love me again?
i have known, i was then
and it all climbs down
with the whispers and a sound
when you struck the crown
i was splayed around
death comes in silence
and if there is violence
then the mortal coil will go
unfold with a horror to behold
my mother solely told
to beware of your world
of ravenous snakes of fate
please, do not demonstrate
i cannot take it anyway
don't ask me why i want to die
all my hopes were taken
By the deviants of the sky
of the hollow moon that one afternoon
where i beheld a person that didn't exist.
It was my head! i was dead!
and the city layered in pieces of lead
a dream predicted this so
but i hoped it wouldn't be true
what the hell am i supposed to do without you?
but you were never real ephemeral soul
one that i did behold inside my self
you had told me, you'd be there
but when i looked in the mirror there i saw you,
i saw you alive and i cried
for the world beheld me nothing
for i had loved a lie
an imposter disguised as myself.
but who am i even?
to be even with myself
have i shot the gun?
am i on the run?
am i finally dead?
There is a mystery in my history
where was i again?
don't remember when i even became another?
i don't you, you don't know me
but when will you love me again?
I have known, i was then
and it all climbs down with the whispers
a sound when you struck the crown
I was splayed around in your head
in the noose you were dead

i could not behold everything i was told
this was the end! what to do?
I'll always love you even if i'm not real
even if you are gone who am I to be someone?
I just want to be dead
I need to be dead
I must have been dead
what will there be when the flowers cover your bed?
I was waiting near the memory
for a little melody
for a little chance to feel
like it was better that we helped each other
get here you are still of the world
and i hope you are doing better
but i will never regret her, leaving us out here
maybe one day there will be cheer
when the nights grow dear
just to say hello, goodbye
and never quite know how or why
life just changes on the fly
i'd rather live to see the day and night
for in this eternal flight
maybe, just a chance
that it will be better when the coin lands
and now
is the end of the show
of the story i will know.
I close my eyes and mind passes by
for another to take away to another time
the seasons are the reasons

to stare into the jaws of demise
In the early hours of the dawn
There was a serenity to behold
In the calmness of the determinism
That if no action would be done, there would be no further sun.
That by staying still for a second longer, there would be an
eternal stillness.
But when I felt at peace, It was wrong
I had to jump out of that great force
That illuminates the heavens and annihilates the earth.
I would not accept death by choking on the kitchen floor or
losing the mind in bed.
Perhaps it is an eternal life of unrest
But I hope for life

I don't know why
Your brothers and sisters
Left you out to die
When in your colours
You changed the wind and the sky
And in this world destined our
We have picked all dead flowers
Now we know, that we are not of here
That we will disappear
No books and no names
No legacy or shames
If you knew how it would end
Would you still call me friend?
I don't know when, the firing squads will
come
And our bodies in the dirt
In the holes we were made to dig
If you knew what would come
Would you have rebelled?
If the end is a glorious sun
Then why are you dead?
It's all in head
The only place you buried yourself
If you could leave instead
Would you take the easy out?
My bullet through your head
Would it better if we were all dead?
I don't know why, I can't explain
All of this sounds completely insane
If you could hide, and if you could shiver
Would still stand? Would deliver?
Justice is forged from your blood
Your freedom comes from the barrel of a gun
But you need to believe it
You must perceive it
Do not trust blindly please I beg
You must earn your liberation's end.
And if I'm still standing
I would hold you
And if we make it to the horizon
Please promise me that we will survive
And when the ashes come down
And we see our burning home town
Please don't forget
We survived just yet
I don't know if it was worth it
But I know I'll be there
For you, not on a chair
Please remember that to the end